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LONG LIVERS.

HUMAN life is not so short, but that very distant ages, or ages at least very different in character from each other, are sometimes strangely connected by the existence of an individual of the species. The progress of civilization, and the improvement of all the arts of life, is in this country so rapid, that no one who has survived to even middle life can fail to observe the great difference between his early and his latter days. How greatly, however, is the wonder increased, when we find persons who can look back for the better part, if not the whole of a century, and describe a state of things as having obtained in their young days, which is so entirely unlike any thing we now see around us, that it appears like a chapter of ancient history, narrated by an eye-witness who has, by some strange chance, survived the general wreck! At the present time, for instance, there must be individuals alive, who, in the midst of all the enlightenment, and all the conveniences, and appliances, for which the age takes so much credit—in this age of intellect, in short—recollect a time when there was *no intellect*, or at most *very little*, and when men of course lived a very strange sort of life. We are accustomed to regard the question of the Stuart dynasty as altogether a seventeenth century question—a thing quite foreign to our feelings and associations; yet people must still live, who not only recollect the pretensions of that family being defended by a respectable party, but saw a prince of the line invade the country, and, with a band of primitive people, who still kept alive manners, dress, and language, that had existed since before the days of the Romans, sweep through the island almost from end to end, in quest of the throne. We look upon Sir Robert Walpole as a man of quite a different day from this; and certainly one who was born in 1676, and suffered imprisonment in the Tower as an unruly member of Parliament in Queen Anne's time, is entitled to be so considered. Yet, if I am not mistaken, a daughter of his, Lady Katherine Walpole, appeared in our newspaper obituaries only about two years ago. Her father died in 1745. Our own present Duke of Montrose is but the grandson of a man who bore the family honours in the year 1684, before the death of King Charles the Second—nearly a hundred and fifty years ago—though it is curious, that, during the thirty-four preceding years, the same number of generations had borne them. What a difference between the circumstantial world of the grandfather and that of the grandson! Persons yet alive may recollect old Countess Margaret of Roxburgh, whose husband was drowned in the Gloucester frigate, coming down to Scotland with the Duke of York in 1682! She died so lately as 1753, a widow of seventy-one years. If I am not mistaken, Sir Ilay Campbell, who died in 1811, had conversed with an ancestor who had witnessed the execution of Charles the First: the space between the death of the monarch and that of the gentleman who had seen the witness of his execution, was a hundred and sixty-two years. Sir Walter Scott's mother, who died in 1820 or 1821, had spoken to a woman who recollects seeing Oliver Cromwell when in Scotland—or rather his nose, for she remembered nothing else about him. This was still more wonderful than the case of Sir Ilay Campbell, for the space between Cromwell's last departure from Scotland to fight the battle of Worcester in August 1651, and the death of the lady whose friend had seen him, was a hundred and seventy years! Such facts, though quite within the range of nature, and perhaps occurring not unfrequently, strike the mind with a kind of wonder—for they bring together into one idea, two ideas remotely different, and for a mo-

ment clasp the associations of a rude and unsettled age with those of one in every respect orderly and refined. It soothes us, moreover, with a pleasing notion of the extent of what we generally complain of as too short, namely, human life, and affords the encouraging idea that man or his immediate children may witness more of the effects of his own good works than is generally expected.

In the above instances, I have alluded to the phenomena which two long lives occasionally present. There are cases, however, in which one produces wonders almost as great. When George the Fourth visited Scotland, one of the individuals who came to bid him welcome and kiss his hand, was Patrick Grant, a Braemar Highlander, who had fought against his dynasty at Falkirk and Culloden, and been present at the melancholy embarkation of the defeated Chevalier for France. The old man remarked, with a tact worthy of a court, that he was perhaps the last of his majesty's enemies now alive. The king gave him a pension, which he enjoyed till his death, in February 1824, at the age of 111 years, when three pipers marshalled him to the grave, playing a tune which had been a favourite with his brethren insurgents in 1745. This civil war is still, on account of the curious contrast which it presents to the present state of things, a subject of constant allusion and recollection in Scotland. I may therefore refer to one or two other lives by which its wonders have been, as it were, brought into the presence of the existing generation. A venerable lady, Mrs K. of C., who died last year, and till her last displayed an almost juvenile vivacity and cheerfulness, remembered having been put into mourning for her cousin, a young gentleman of Prince Charles's army, who fell in the manner of the unfortunate Balmawhapple (though in no other respect did he resemble that personage), in the pursuit which followed the victory at Prestonpans. A distinguished ex-judge of the Court of Session, who still lives in Edinburgh, is the *cousin-german* of one of the chieftains who led out their clans in that memorable year, and nephew to a gentlewoman who was seized and taken prisoner to London for having concealed the Chevalier. This individual entered the faculty of advocates in the year 1765, and may consequently be said to have been nearly seventy years connected with the court. There also lives at the present time in the New Town, a lady who recollects having been taken, when a child of about seven years, to see the Stuart court revived at Holyroodhouse: a Highland chieftain came out of the porch, and, with infantine wonderment at his appearance, she took hold of his kilt; her maid was astonished, when, instead of killing her with his dirk, he stooped down and clapped the child on the head. This lady remembers distinctly many of the Gaelic phrases used by the soldiers to each other on the streets of the city, and especially at the Netherbow Port, where they kept a guard. *Greshort—make haste!* was one of those most frequently in use, as might be expected from the hurried and adventurous nature of the whole affair. For some years past, many recently deceased Highlanders have been successively chronicled in the newspapers, as the last survivors of all who were engaged in that enterprise. Every forty-five hero who died, was naturally supposed by all who knew no other, to be almost for certain the last. The *last*, however, would appear to be still alive, if even he be alone in this curious historical distinction. The person I allude to is Andrew Wallace, who lives, or very lately lived, in Chester county, Pennsylvania, at the age of one hundred and three. He was born at Inverness in 1730, fought at the battle of Culloden on the side of Prince Charlie, and, in 1752, emigrated to

America. He has since then fought in all the American wars, and was discharged so lately as 1813, after having been nearly seventy years a soldier. He enjoyed a pension of twenty-six cents per diem from the American government, and had a wife and two children, the youngest about fifteen years of age.

If we go back a few years, we find persons in extreme senility, whose association with proportionately earlier ages was equally remarkable. Dean Swift's curate died so late as 1797: * the dean himself had expired at a great age in 1744. The widow of the famous Lord Lovat (born in 1666, and executed in 1748) died in 1796, a hundred and thirty years after the birth of her husband. In March 1787, Torquil Macleod died in the Isle of Lewis, at one hundred and thirteen: he had been engaged in every battle fought for the house of Stuart since the Revolution, nearly a century before, namely, Killiecrankie, Sheriffmuir, and those of the Forty-five. If he had lived to July 1789, he would have survived his first battle a hundred years! Martha Hanna, however, who died so lately as 1806, remembered hearing the shots fired in one of the engagements during the residence of King James in Ireland—an incident nearly contemporaneous with the first battle fought by this aged islander. What an interval of improvement in every thing (at least for Britain) between the event which Martha recollects, and her death! Not many years ago, a woman, named Margaret Wylie, aged one hundred and thirteen years, was assisting at hay-making, in a field at Lawson, near Newcastle, Roxburghshire, when it suddenly occurred to her that she had tedded hay in the very same place, when she was, as she expressed it, a gilly lassie. On considering the matter farther, it turned out, to the astonishment of all present, that the old woman had been employed exactly as she was now, on the same spot, and in the same day of the year, a century before! The scenery was the same; the hay was what hay always was and will be; there were also smiling rustics around her now as then. But how different herself!—a single withered leaf in the midst of a green forest. How much had passed notelessly since the former period! What a retrospect!—an eighteenth part of all the time since the birth of Christ! In 1735, there died at Dryhope, in Yarrow, a woman, named Marion Renwick: the American war was then just concluded, and men were beginning to talk about Mr Pitt, the singularly juvenile minister. Strange to say, this woman had been baptized in the year 1682, in the house wherein she died, by the good and famous Mr Renwick, who suffered death a fortnight after in the Grassmarket, on account of his religion! Thus were the reigns of Charles the Second and George the Third, so essentially different, brought by one particular life into conjunction. Marion Renwick must have lived under eight sovereigns, counting William and Mary as two; and she had seen the Revolution, the union of England and Scotland, the accession of the Brunswick dynasty, the various civil wars in favour of the house of Stuart, and other political events of signal importance. She had seen Poland defend Christendom against the Turks, and divided, like a spoil, among three of the nations which it had defended. Another of those ancient worthies was the old Countess of Loudoun, whom Dr Johnson visited on his tour to Scotland. She died in 1777, aged one hundred. Her father was that Earl of Stair who directed the massacre of Glencoe in 1691; and her father-in-law's father, the first Earl of Loudoun, had figured at the head of affairs in Scotland during the civil war, and is said by Burnet to have once been or-

* The Rev. Bellingham Swan. He died at MR.

dered for a secret death in the Tower by Charles the First. Her ladyship had survived her marriage seventy-seven years.

A very remarkable beggar appeared on the streets of Edinburgh in the year 1770. He had an uncommonly dignified and venerable appearance, and generally sat bare-headed under a dead-wall in the Canongate. On inquiry being made into his history, it turned out that he was an attainted baronet, named Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, who had early in life been an officer in the Scots Greys, but was broke for sending a challenge to the Duke of Marlborough, which he was provoked into by some expressions used by his grace in contempt of the Scottish nation. A subscription was opened on behalf of the venerable unfortunate; but we are not acquainted with its success, or with his subsequent history.

If we go back into a period somewhat earlier, we shall meet with stretches of human existence quite as remarkable. A clergyman, named James Ker, died minister of a parish in Roxburghshire, in 1694—therefore might have been converted with by Marion Renwick, who lived almost to our own times. Now, this man had been ordained as a clergyman a year before the death of James the First of Great Britain—that is, seventy years before—and, what is still more remarkable, he had for all this time been minister of but one parish, except during the triumph of episcopacy. As he could hardly fail to have been born before the king went to reign in England, we may assume that his life, and that of Marion Renwick, bring us almost into contact with those early days, so different from our own, when Scotland had a distinct king and court. All these instances, however, sink into insignificance compared with that of Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins must have recollect the reign of Henry the Seventh, who closed the wars of the Roses, and ended the feudal times in England. The events of the Reformation must have been the historical panorama that passed before his eyes in what is generally considered middle life, but which to him was as early childhood. He must have recollect every thing that happened in the sixteenth century, including all the glories of Elizabeth, and almost every thing in the seventeenth too. The lives and recollections of several generations of men were, in a manner, packed into the individual person of this wonderful patriarch: he was an epitome of several ages of history. He must have at length seen so many of the changes wrought by the passions and reason of mankind, that nothing they did would astonish him. "Ah," I can imagine him saying to a modern, who talked of the executions of the regicides, "if you had but seen the fires of Smithfield!" The friends of his early days must have been so long perished from the face of the earth, that they would look like the creatures of a dream; and his very descendants must have at length become almost as alien to him as ordinary strangers. He would seem to himself like a weed cast out upon the shore of human existence, which no returning tide had ever been able to reach; and his memory, like a lachrymatory, could be filled with only the relics of sorrow. In short, a man under Jenkins's circumstances would be the most solitary and friendless of created beings; and his protracted existence would only give him occasion to feel more acutely the inherent pains and drawbacks which attend the condition of mortal life.

A TALE OF THE RHINNS OF GALLOWAY.

It is now many years since my avocations led me, during the summer months, to journey through several of the western districts of Scotland—more particularly Ayrshire and Wigtonshire, and that long narrow neck of fertile land known by the name of the Rhinns of Galloway. I stopped for a week or two at the house of a gentleman, who, from being a "muirland farmer," had, by means of paring and burning, liming, draining, fencing, and all the other modern devices of agricultural improvement, increased it in value to himself at least a hundredfold, during the currency of a long lease, and had finally become purchaser of it. As he was easy in his circumstances, and had his time at his own disposal, he made frequent excursions with me on horseback, sometimes inland, and at others along the interesting and rugged shores of the Solway—the region of so many scenes of death, peril, warlockrie, and witchcraft. During one of these rambles, we came to the ruins of an old tower, which stood on a high eminence about a mile from the rock-girted beach, and commanded a splendid view towards the Atlantic, and of all the opposite English coast. The building had never been of any great extent or outward importance; but the strong massive walls and castellated style of architecture, together with its well-chosen situation, clearly indicated its having been a place of strength and consequence in former days. Being somewhat of an enthusiast in these matters, I was led to inquire its name and history, with those of its former and present owners, and of the property around. My friend informed me that neither the old tower nor the estate to which it belonged, which was of considerable extent, though in a neglected condition, had had any veritable owner for upwards of fifty

years; that it was in the meantime in the hands of the Court of Session, under whose authority the sheriff of the county acted as factor or trustee, and drew what little rent accrued from the pasture. He added, that they formerly belonged to an Irish family of some note; that the last proprietor had disappeared, when a young man, in a very mysterious manner, and that no trace could ever be got of his fate, or the cause of his disappearance, until very lately, the result of which, if properly established, would be, that the estate and tower would become the property of a poor woman, who had long been supported by private charity in the house of neighbouring farmer. My curiosity being still further excited by these particulars, my friend remarked, that the story was too long to be communicated in a forenoon's ride, but would inform me of all he himself knew of it over our bottle of port in the evening. At the fitting time, therefore, I reminded him of his promise, which he fulfilled, by detailing to me the following curious narrative:—

Kellholm Peel at one time belonged to a branch of the family of Douglas, but, about the end of the seventeenth century, became, by right of marriage, the property of an Irish gentleman of the name of O'Rourke. The possession came to him, it appears, at a very seasonable time, as his marriage had drawn on him the hatred of most of his Irish connections, with whom, in consequence, he lived in a state of continual strife and feud. The event had particularly excited the jealousy and malice of one of his poorer relatives, whose numerous family, in the event of his dying without heirs, would have come in for a great part of the family estates in Ireland. The new possessor, therefore, lost no time in removing himself and family from a society in which he found no comfort, and not a little danger, and took up his residence at the Peel, trusting to enjoy security and peace, at least, to compensate for the sacrifice of expatriation. In this he was not disappointed, and remained in undisturbed retirement for several years, until, by the death of the family representative in Ireland, the aforesaid property fell into his hands. It was then his troubles began. The same notification which announced his succession, also gave him to understand that the peasants of the district were violently prejudiced against him, no doubt through the influence of his vindictive and disappointed relatives; that they had been heard to vow resistance to any attempt he might make to assume his inheritance, and even to throw out hints of a darker import in the event of his personally appearing to assert his claims. O'Rourke, however, had too much regard for the interests of his young family, calmly to submit to this unjust deprivation of his rights, and finding, after a time, that there was no hope of his deriving any benefit from his paternal estates by conciliatory means, he resolved to go to Dublin, with the view of laying his case before the legislature, and soliciting either assistance to enforce his claims, or liberty to dispose of the property to any neutral person who might be rash enough to risk his money in the purchase. He set out accordingly—but he never returned. His visit to Ireland, and the purpose of it, was soon bruited amongst his connections; and one night, shortly after his arrival in the Irish metropolis, he was found murdered in the street. It need scarcely be added, that no trace of the assassins was ever obtained, although the quarter whence the blow was struck was readily guessed at. The unfortunate man left widow and five children, two of whom, twins, were mere infants at the breast; and as the lady had no near relative to assist her in prosecuting her children's claims, the attempting which had proved so fatal to her husband, she resolved to allow them to lie dormant in the meantime, and bring up her family as if they had no such pretensions, trusting to the occurrence of a more propitious period afterwards to revive them. Whether such a time would have arrived or not, must now for ever remain mere matter of conjecture, as an event shortly afterwards took place, which seemed utterly to preclude the possibility of it, and which long excited a deep sensation over the whole district of Galloway, even in those troublous times.

One dark stormy night in December, the few inhabitants who were scattered over that part of the coast were alarmed by the intelligence that Kellholm Peel was in flames. From the distance at which the tower stood from other habitations, it was long before any one arrived, either to ascertain the cause of the conflagration, or aid in extinguishing it. When assistance at last did come, it was found to be as vain as inquiry was useless. Not a vestige of the late inmates was to be found; and the black smouldering embers alone remained, from which to form a guess either at the origin or the extent of the calamity. Not a doubt at first existed that all had perished, and all were equally convinced that the fatal event had been entirely accidental. Several circumstances, however, transpired afterwards to raise doubts on the latter point, and excite suspicion of foul play having been at work. A short unsheathed sword, of very curious and costly manufacture, and bearing evident marks of having been lately worn by its owner, was found a short way down the ancient causeway that communicated between the tower and the beach—farther on, a few articles of infant's apparel—and a soft part of the shore, over which the tide had not flowed, was much marked with the recent impress of human feet. By and bye, it was recollect that a strange schooner had been observed, for several days

previous to the fatal event, hovering about the coast with more apparent sense of security than could have been felt by those engaged in a contraband enterprise, yet without any other evident purpose; and it had been suspected that she was a revenue vessel in disguise. But all these facts, however suspicious, led to nothing. The schooner had disappeared, and it was universally believed, that, if she was out at sea on the night of the conflagration, which was uncommonly dark and tempestuous, she must either have gone to the bottom, or been compelled to seek shelter in some of the havens on the coast; and as no intelligence of her was ever afterwards obtained, her destruction was generally considered certain.

If the burning of Kellholm Tower, however, was the work of incendiaries, and the murder or abduction of the family their object, their intentions were in part defeated. It happened that one of the infant twins, a boy, had at its birth been entrusted to the care of one of the tenants' wives to suckle, under whose charge it still remained at the above period, and thus escaped the unhappy fate of the rest of the family. At a crisis of this sort, in all legitimate tales of fiction, it generally happens that some "cruel uncle," or other rapacious relative, who had never been heard of before, suddenly appears on the field to claim the guardianship of the helpless orphan, and plot the means of appropriating all its inheritance to himself. No such obnoxious personage, however, obstructed himself in this instance. The nearest Scottish connection, on whom such a charge naturally devolved, was too actively involved in the many actual and suspected Jacobite conspiracies of the period, to have either time or inclination for taking any personal management of the infant heir or his property, and very readily consented to allow him to remain where he was, in the meantime, until it was seen whether any of his Irish relatives, who had a much nearer title to the office, should come forward. The young laird, therefore, continued in the house of the honest yeoman, and was reared, in all respects, like his own children, saving that, when the time arrived for the commencement of his education, he was sent to the next market town to reside during the summer for that purpose, and a teacher was hired into the house for his instruction in the winter months. From his earliest years, young Douglas (for, from the suspicion and dislike which attached to his Irish connections, his foster-parents had given him his mother's name) exhibited a singularly shy, morose, and eccentric disposition. He could seldom be prevailed on to join in the sports of his youthful compeers, but passed his leisure time in rambling alone about the rocky shore, exploring the caverns and recesses which there abounded. He shunned all intercourse with those he chanced to meet in his rambles, and resolutely refused to accompany his host or his family in any of their very rare visits amongst their neighbours. The only human being, indeed, whose company he was known to seek, and this he did almost daily, was one whom almost every one else avoided, and who was looked upon by the superstitious natives of the coast with mingled feelings of fear and dislike: this was a poor woman, who resided in a wretched turf hut on a bleak and unfrequented rock that hung over the sandy shore, and living no one exactly knew how. She had first appeared there a short while after the burning of Kellholm Peel, carrying a young infant in her arms; had constructed her rude abode with her own hands; and was maintained, to all appearance, solely by the charity of the country people, whose commiseration was excited by her forlorn condition. She was a native of Ireland, and, on her first appearance, could not speak a word of English, so that she was unable, even if she were inclined, to give any account of herself, or her reason for taking up her abode in so wild and strange a place. Not many months after she had fixed her residence as above stated, she was discovered early one morning by some fishermen wandering on the beach without her infant, and in a state of downright insanity. She was also covered with blood from deep wounds on her face, head, and arms, evidently from a sword or other sharp instrument. It was impossible to gather any thing from her at the time, in explanation of her condition, or the disappearance of her child; but after being taken care of, and becoming more composed, she gave them to understand, as well as she could, that several men had entered her hut in the night-time, and had carried off her infant to sea, and that she had received her wounds in trying to save it from them. In those days, the kidnapping of children for the purpose of sending them abroad to our American colonies to be reared as slaves, was carried on to a great extent in Scotland; and although those of age and strength enough to work were most sought after by the inhuman monsters who pursued this horrible traffic, even mere infants were frequently snatched away from the mother's breast. Such, it was at once concluded, was the fate of the poor woman's child, and of course it was thought useless to make any farther inquiry into the matter. Notwithstanding what had happened, however, she had no sooner recovered somewhat from her wounds and agitation of mind, than she returned to her solitary dwelling on the rock, and it was noticed that soon afterwards a remarkable change came over her. From a state of deep dejection and grief, her manner and deportment suddenly assumed that of joy and exultation. She was frequently observed at sunset standing on the rock that rose above her dwell-

ing, pointing with her fingers, and throwing out her arms to the westward, while she chanted strange ditties in her native tongue. It was likewise remarked that she sometimes disappeared altogether, often for two months or more at a time, going no one knew where, and returning as mysteriously. From these and other equally unaccountable traits in her conduct, it began to be generally believed at last "that she was uncanny." Proprietary gifts were made to her by the simple inhabitants on the coast, to insure success to their undertakings, whether on sea or shore, and she gradually acquired the denomination of the Witch of the Rock.

Such was the singular being whom the young laird of Kellholm, scarcely less singular, selected as his companion, and whose society alone seemed to have any charms for him. As time rolled on, his attachment for her, and indifference or rather dislike to all others, seemed only to grow more strong. There was evidently some tie that linked them together, and it was also equally plain that there was some one overpowering object which continually engrossed the boy's thoughts; but what these were no one could possibly guess. From his solitary habits and eccentric character, it occasioned little surprise, that, when he became of age to take the management of his property into his own hand, he should take up his residence in the old Peel, which he got repaired and fitted up for that purpose. But it went much beyond the expectations even of those most ready to believe him capable of any strange action, when he selected as his housekeeper and sole companion in retirement the old woman we have just mentioned! Such was the fact, and their mutual habits of life seemed to undergo little change by their cohabitation. He continued still as misanthropic, and shunned all communication with his species which he could possibly avoid; and this propensity he had now an opportunity of gratifying to a greater degree than ever. The old female was still to be seen occasionally on her favourite rock at sunset, and periodically disappeared and returned again as formerly. On one occasion they were both missed from the Peel for several months, and when the old woman returned, which was some time after the arrival of the laird, she was accompanied by a young and very handsome woman. Scandal would probably have been busy at this circumstance, which excited no little surprise, had the fact not become known that the young laird had refused to allow her to remain even one night in the Peel. The one succeeding her arrival was passed by her mother and herself in the old hut on the rock, and an arrangement was next day made for her residence with a poor cottager, who was promised a handsome allowance for her maintenance. It was at first hoped that some information might be extracted from this young woman, to throw some light on the strange conduct of the two mysterious individuals at the Peel. But every attempt of this nature was found utterly vain. All that could be ascertained from her, was, that she was from Ireland; that the old woman was her mother, from whom she had been separated early in infancy; but how or where she could not tell. It was therefore unanimously concluded, that she must be the identical infant who had been carried off from the hut on the rock so many years before. From this time the old woman seemed to lose much of her eccentricity and flighty half-frenzied peculiarity of character. She almost daily visited her daughter; and although she still maintained as great a reserve as ever towards those she happened to meet, there was much less of that wildness of look, language, and manner, that had formerly given them so much alarm. A short while only had elapsed, however, after this event, when she again was missed from the Peel, and her absence was protracted much beyond the usual period. It was observed that the young laird appeared to become anxious and restless, resuming his rambles about the rocks on the beach, which, ever since his residence at the Peel, he had in a great measure left off; and repeatedly visited the old woman's daughter, who seemed much distressed at her mother's long absence. But a greater wonder and mystery than any that had yet happened, awaited those whose observation was directed to the strange occurrences at the tower. The young laird again set out on one of his mysterious journeys, and after an absence of several months returned—not alone, however, as usual, but bringing with him a young and beautiful female, as his wife! Perhaps no other circumstance could have excited half the surprise which this event occasioned amongst those who had so long known the morose disposition and hermit life of the laird of Kellholm. But if it seemed at variance with all the former tenor of his conduct in one respect, it resembled it as much in another. No one could learn who the lady was, or where she came from! She was evidently of superior rank and manners, but when or by what means he had found time to prosecute his courtship and win her affections, was a complete riddle. There, however, she was, and to all appearance happy in the society of her strange husband, who, whatever he might be to her, maintained his usual repulsive demeanour towards all others. The only addition made to his household after her arrival was in the person of his old housekeeper's daughter, who was transferred from the cottage to the tower. No other person ever entered the door, nor indeed did any one in their own station in life feel inclined to court their society.

(We are obliged to postpone the remainder of this article till the ensuing number.)

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

The contemplation of the heavens which are above us, naturally suggests reflections and feelings of the purest and most elevated nature, not confined alone to the accomplished philosopher, but enjoyed with equal intensity by the humblest and most unlettered peasant. It is not surprising that the Chaldean shepherd, tending his flocks upon the mountain, and the rude seaman, in the early ages of navigation, studied alike the positions and motions of the heavenly bodies—thence learning to predict the impending changes of weather, and the benign or adverse character of approaching seasons. But the truth is, that we so often witness the splendour of a glorious sunset, and are so familiar with the serene beauty of a starlight night, that we cease to contemplate either with any peculiar feelings of wonder or admiration. When, however, any unexpected or not frequently witnessed luminous meteor bursts upon the sight—whether it be the soft and silvery light of the aurora streaming athwart the azure arch, or some visible globe of fire descending with vivid flame through the surrounding darkness—the human mind becomes startled from its supine indifference, and imagination herself, wondering at the mystery, conjures up a thousand vague and superstitious surmises. The beautiful and often sublime spectacle presented by the aurora borealis has not failed among the vulgar to excite the most ominous predictions and apprehensions; indeed, the extraordinary meteors and appearances in the skies, related as prodigies by historians, are generally referable to the peculiar effects to which this meteor gives rise. Maupertuis remarks, "that in Lapland the sky was sometimes tinged with so deep a red, that the constellation Orion looked as though it were dipped in blood, and that the people fancied they saw armies engaged, fiery chariots, and a thousand prodigies, which were deemed presages of misfortune." In Siberia, between the Lena and Jenesec, on the confines of the icy sea, "the spectral forms," says Gmelin, "appear like rushing armies. The hissing crackling noise of those aerial fireworks so terrifies the dogs and the hunters, that they fall prostrate on the ground, and will not move while the 'ranging host is passing.'" Between Iceland and the Feroe Islands, Kerguelen describes the night as brilliant as the day, "the heavens being on fire with flames of red and white light, changing to columns and arches, until at length confounded into a brilliant chaos of cones, pyramids, radii, sheaves, arrows, and globes of fire." It is no wonder that such appearances in the heavens should give rise to superstitions, and be in an especial manner celebrated by Ossian and other poets. About the period when Queen Anne, the last of the Stuart family, died, an aurora appeared, which, by its brilliancy, attracted universal attention; and this was immediately regarded as a sign from heaven of the accession of a foreign race of princes. Even now, when the aurora presents a still and mild light, it is considered by the ignorant and superstitious as the precursor of famine and when it darts forth brilliant crimson, and other coloured flashes, it is deemed ominous of war and pestilence. Truly has the immortal Shakespeare observed,

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No common wind, no customary event;
But superstition, from its natural cause,
Constrains awry, and calls them prodigies;
Signs, fatal presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance.

The aurora borealis in this country appears a little after sunset, and uniformly arises in the north, inclining generally a little to the west, and it occurs more frequently about the time of the equinoxes than at any other season of the year. Its manner of arising, and the general characters it assumes, vary extremely; indeed, so much so as almost to preclude any accurate description. Sometimes, an hour or two after dark, it seems to illumine the northern region of the sky with no more than a gentle and subdued twilight, which gives a soft relief to the surrounding darkness. Sometimes detached masses of light suddenly appear in different parts of the sky, from which silvery and tremulous beams shoot with dazzling and evanescent splendour. Not unfrequently, indeed, from one single spot of light, the beams vividly and rapidly extend. Sometimes the phenomenon is first discernible in delicate streaks or threads of light, which enlarge and shift with inconceivable rapidity, until a tremulous arch is formed, which completely spans the azure vault. Very often one general or principal arch is observed, with smaller ones at unequal distances, which frequently move laterally towards each other, and suddenly unite into one broad and brilliant mass. Often from the horizon, in the north, one limb or segment of the arch streams up into the heavens, and sometimes several of these arise at distances from each other. The varying splendour of the coruscations, and the rapid and playful movements which they display, as they sweep across the heavens, excite alike the wonder and admiration of the spectator.

Eneaswept first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly re-ascend,
All ether courting in a maze of light.

Sometimes one broad majestic effulgent arch is seen to move slowly along, and then break into innumerable masses of detached light, or, streaming onward, this one general arch divides into several smaller ones, which

recede laterally from each other, leaving between them a soft faint light, or only the deep blue of the distant sky. Often the arch presents the curious appearance of being spirally twisted; and sometimes when several arches have at the same time been visible, they have appeared spirally twisted together. The degree of brightness they exhibit varies exceedingly. Very frequently the extremities of the arch emit a brighter and more vivid light than the centre; but sometimes the arch is brightest in the middle, and becomes fainter and fainter, until the whole is traced into extinction. Instead of the white silvery light which the aurora more frequently displays, sometimes it presents us with the beautiful primitive colours, which, as we have elsewhere explained, constitute, when combined, the white solar beam. The colour of the light of the aurora (says Dr Richardson, in giving an account of this meteor as it appeared in the higher northern latitudes) was generally steel gray; but when a particular modification of cloud was present (the cirro stratus), the light, for the most part, was a gold yellow colour, more or less deep; and when the sky was clear, or only a few fine threads or thin shoots of cloud were visible, the colours were vivid and prismatic." Mr Fisher, in describing an aurora seen by him in Baffin's Bay, says, "it presented distinctly red, orange, yellow, and green colours." The appearance of this phenomenon in Siberia has been compared by a traveller to "the unwinding of a piece of flame-coloured tafta;" and not many years ago, in Shetland, during the continuance of one of these auroras, "the whole firmament seemed on fire." "On the 28th of September (says a Parisian paper, the *Journal des Debats*), towards eleven o'clock at night, all the northern part of the sky appeared in a blaze. It was supposed that a vast fire had broken out, and that the flames were devouring part of the metropolis. The reflection was as strong, and the reddened atmosphere as fiery, as on the occasion of the great fire breaking out at the theatre of L'Ambigue Comique. Several firemen were running with their engines, when it was ascertained that the fiery appearances affected only the celestial regions. This aurora continued for several hours." Again, a splendid aurora was observed at Gosport, of which we have the following description:—"When it had reached an altitude of several degrees above the Great Bear, it changed from a light yellow to a blood-red colour, which, with the more elevated and vivid flashes, gave it an awfully grand appearance. Its wide column remained perfect, alternately waving and increasing in brilliancy, and ultimately passed through the gradation of colours which is sometimes seen in the clouds near the horizon at sunset—lake, purple, light crimson, &c." In mountainous countries, such as the Hartz and Scottish Highlands, it is surely not surprising that such appearances as these should give rise to superstitious legends, and almost compel a belief in supernatural revelations; but as knowledge advances, the exposition of the real causes of such apparently wonderful and almost inexplicable phenomena, disperses all such superstitious dreams, and leaves us, while we do not admire them the less, to watch with intense interest every change and variation they exhibit. The most frequent colour which the aurora presents in this country, is that of a yellowish white colour; but in the higher northern regions, it displays a peculiar lustre like metals, whence we say it is metallic.

The rapidity and different kinds of motion displayed by the aurora scarcely admit of any description, so variable and uncertain are they. Sometimes we have observed the beams of light, with an arrowy and distinct rapidity, shooting upwards, and athwart the ethereal dome, with amazing and almost incredible celerity. Such very recently we observed from the rude and rocky coast of St Andrews, where, from the north-western part of the horizon, several isolated and distinct beams arose, which, spreading and uniting as they extended rapidly upwards, at length constituted a complete canopy of tremulous and vivid light. Sometimes the motion of the aurora presents a peculiar waving character. Thus, in Hudson's Bay it was said to roll over and over from one end of the arch to the other, as though a volume of luminous matter was unfolded, and rolled from one point over to supply that which escaped and vanished at the other. Parry also compares the waving motions of the horizontal bands of light to the sinuous impulse given to a long ribbon by a person holding it at one end. In the Orkneys, the streams and sheets of light, moving to and fro with peculiar and eccentric rapidity, are termed the "merry dancers." While this effulgent mass of light is moving in the heavens, the stars may frequently be seen distinctly shining through it. Mr Fisher indeed remarks, that the stars so seen display their usual brilliancy; but Captain Parry and Captain Sabine observed that they exhibit an appreciable diminution of lustre.

In the report of the splendid aurora which appeared at Gosport, the notice of which was taken from the Observatory, it is stated, that "the lustre of the stars, of the first, second, and third magnitude, was very little diminished in any part of the heavens where the aurora intervened." It is reasonable to expect, that, as the effulgence of the aurora increases, it will diminish, or, as it were, eclipse, the light of the fixed stars; nay, even the moon itself will sometimes "pale its ineffectual fire," surrounded by its vivid and fast-flashing beams. But there is yet another phenomenon attendant on this singularly beautiful meteor, which remains for us to notice, and concerning which can-

siderable dispute has existed—we allude to the noise which is said to accompany it occasionally. By the older writers, both historians and poets, it has been noticed. Thus, Appian likens it to shouts in the air, clashing of arms, and rushing of horses; and an analogous description is given in beautiful language both by Ovid and Virgil. But during the late expedition to the arctic regions, and during Captain Scoresby's numerous voyages to Greenland, the northern lights were not heard to emit any sound; and hence it has been concluded all preceding observers must have been mistaken. As a general rule, all positive is better than negative evidence; for circumstances, very obscure in themselves, may often occur to prevent the repetition of the same phenomenon, when no adequate reason for its non-appearance can be ostensibly perceived. In Siberia, where the aurora appears in greatest perfection, Gmelin, whose description has been translated by Dr Blagden, says, "These northern lights begin with single bright pillars, rising in the north, and almost at the same time in the north-east, which, gradually increasing, comprehend a large space in the heavens, brush about from place to place with incredible velocity, and finally almost cover the whole sky up to the zenith, and produce an appearance as if a vast tent was expanded in the heavens, glittering with gold, rubies, and sapphires. It is attended (he adds farther), as I have heard from the relation of many persons, with such a hissing, crackling, and rushing noise through the air, as if the largest fireworks were playing off." The inhabitants, to describe what they then hear, make use of the expression, "*spokochni chuchot'*, that is, "the raging host is passing." Again, Mr Henderson, describing the aurora as it appeared in Iceland, states, that, "when particularly quick and vivid, a crackling noise is heard, resembling that which accompanies the escape of sparks from an electrical machine." Dr Richardson, in his account of the aurora, appended to Captain Parry's interesting narrative, observes, "I have never heard any sound that could be unequivocally considered as originating in the aurora itself; but the uniform testimony of the natives, both Crees, Copper Indians, and Esquimaux, and of all the older residents in the country, induces me to believe that its motions are sometimes audible." Professor Haasten, inspector of forests at Torsat, having read Captain Scoresby's voyage for the re-discovery of the east coast of Greenland, expresses his surprise that neither he nor any of his attendants had noticed the noise accompanying these northern lights; and adds, that, when very young, he heard, several times during their continuance, "a quick whispering sound." It is also stated by Dr Gisler, that he has "often heard the rushing of these, just as if a strong wind had been blowing;" and that the sound sometimes "resembled the whizzing heard in the decomposition of certain bodies to a chemical process." A mass of contradictory evidence might be adduced; the difficulty consists in determining whether or not such noises might not have accompanied the aurora, without having been produced by it.

The height at which this meteor occurs next claims our attention. "The most remarkable circumstance," says Dr Gisler, "attending the northern lights, is, that although they seem to be very high in the air, perhaps higher than our common clouds, there are yet convincing proofs that they are connected with the atmosphere, and often descend so low in it, that they seem to touch the earth itself, and on the highest mountains produce an effect like wind round the face of the traveller." The height at which the aurora occurs has not yet been satisfactorily determined, although very numerous observations have been made. The ingenious Dr Dalton assigns to it a great elevation: he calculated the height of one arch to be about 150 miles, and that of another to be 100 miles. This computation places the meteor above the ascertained limits of the atmosphere, or at least in regions to which, if the air does extend, it must be in a state of extreme rarity. Mr Cavendish computed the height of an aurora observed by him to be between 52 and 71 miles; and Lieutenant Hood and Dr Richardson, from their observations made during the northern overland expedition, concluded that it occurs in the region just above the clouds, which view has been supported by Mr Farquharson of Aberdeenshire. Captain Franklin observes, "The height of the aurora was not determined by actual observation, but its having been seen on several occasions to illuminate the under surface of some dense clouds, is conclusive that its elevation could not have been very great." There is no doubt that considerable variations in the range or elevation of the aurora must occur, which will indeed be rendered more manifest when we consider the causes which occasion this beautiful phenomenon. Although, to a zealous inquirer, there can be no pleasure so great as that of unveiling the causes of apparent mysteries, yet the chain of cause and effect is often involved in such intricacy, that it cannot be unravelled by any effort of human ingenuity. One of the first conjectures to explain the origin of the aurora, was hazarded by Dr Halley, who imagined that it was produced by inflammable sulphureous vapours, which were exhaled from the earth, and became visible when floating through the northern hemisphere. Euler, the celebrated German philosopher, supposed that the aurora borealis was occasioned by particles of our atmosphere being driven beyond its limits by the impulse of the light of the sun. Beccaria, and

many other philosophers, have attributed it to the electric fluid, which, in seeking the south pole, is supposed to become visible in its passage from the north; but neither of these theories are satisfactory. Against the theory of its being attributable to electricity, there are the following reasons:—The electric fluid never accumulates in visible masses; it is always dispersed through the earth and air, and, when its equilibrium is broken, seeks its restoration, by flashing, in the form of lightning, to the readiest conductor. The electric fluid never undulates, or waves to and fro in sinuous curves and motions as the aurora does; nor does it, like it, ever settle in banks of pure light, and remain at once luminous and stationary. Lastly, in the arctic regions the aurora does not affect either the magnetic needle or the electrometer—the instrument used for determining the electrical condition of the air. We are indebted for this latter discovery to the labours of Lieutenant Forster and Captain Parry, who observed, during their different voyages in the arctic regions, with very great accuracy, the relation which was supposed to exist between the aurora and magnetic needle. In Captain Parry's third voyage, in 1824 and 1825, "a most splendid aurora was seen, which actually shot its beams between the observer and the land, which was then distant only 3000 yards; yet did this aurora exercise no disturbing force on the magnetic needle." "Our variation needles (says he), which were extremely light, suspended in the most delicate manner, and, from the weak energy, susceptible of being acted upon by a very slight disturbing force, were never in a single instance visibly affected by the aurora, which could scarcely fail to have been observed at some time or other, had any such disturbance taken place, the needles being visited every hour for several months, and oftener, when any thing occurred to make it desirable." The observations on which Captain Parry and Lieutenant Forster found their conclusions are the most numerous and accurate that have ever been made; and in proof of the high value and the confidence attached to them, we may mention, that the Royal Society of London awarded to them the Copley medal for 1827, in doing which the president ranks among the most important contents of Lieutenant Forster's paper, his "Refutation of the supposed connection between Tremors of the Needle and the Aurora Borealis." Accordingly, there are many cogent objections against our adopting the electrical theory, in place of which it is more satisfactory to consider the aurora as a meteorological phenomenon, produced by the refraction and reflection of the solar light on the subtle vapour which floats in the higher regions of the atmosphere, in support of which opinion we may urge the following reasons:—It is to be remembered, that, some time after sunset, the rays of the sun continue to illuminate the upper region of the heavens; when they fall, therefore, on this refractive medium, it is reasonable to conclude they will be rendered visible upon the earth. Its commencing occasionally an hour or two after dark will depend on the unknown agencies which collect the vapour from which it is to be refracted at one time in preference to another. It will occur also only when the sun is in such a position that its rays can illuminate the upper regions of the air, in consequence of which, in winter, before midnight in this country, the phenomenon always disappears. The splendour of its light will obviously depend on the quantity of vapour; and the beautiful colours occasionally displayed, arise from the particles of water being suspended in the vapour, which decompose the rays of solar light, exactly on the same principle upon which the rainbow and other halos are formed. From the extreme tenuity and lightness of this vapour, it must be susceptible of motion from the slightest breath that stirs the air; and thence doubtless arise the tremulous and irregular motions which attend the appearance of the aurora. Such we hold to be the most satisfactory theory in explanation of the origin of this meteor, which has given rise to so many philosophical speculations.

The popular dogmas of the ignorant are very frequently founded on observation, and, as we have before premised, the appearance of the aurora has generally been considered as significant of approaching storms. "The natives in the high northern regions," says Dr Richardson, "pretend to foretell wind by the rapidity of the motions of the aurora, and say, that, when it spreads over the sky in a uniform sheet of light, it is followed by fine weather, and that the changes thus indicated are more or less speedy, according to the appearance of the meteor early or late in the evening." We may here observe, that this is in confirmation of the above theory: for winds (such as would produce the rapid motion of the vapour particles, and give the aurora the character described) are often observed to prevail in the higher regions of the air previous to their extending downwards. Hence stars are observed to twinkle, and the streaky cloud called the "mare's tail" is seen previous to such weather. The general fact that the northern lights indicate the nature of the approaching weather, is recognised by Captain Scoresby, who observes, that, from an intelligent old man, he received the following information:—"When seen in the north-west quarter resting near the horizon, without extending their

rays to the zenith, they are (in winter) considered indicative of calm frosty weather; when they appear in brilliant display extending towards the south-west, a gale of wind is to be expected; or extending towards the south-east, a southerly gale, with rain or sleet; and when they are seen at a considerable altitude above the horizon, having a red or copper colour, they are supposed to be indicative of a violent storm." Here, again, we observe the effect of the direction of the wind in giving motion to the vapour particles which reflect in the direction they are urged by the light of the aurora, and also the indication afforded by the decomposition of the light from coming in contact with drops of water suspended in the vapour. Indeed, on looking over numerous meteorological tables, we find, that, generally, the aurora has preceded the occurrence of storms of greater or lesser violence. We may conclude this article by observing, that although the aurora displays itself in its greatest brilliancy in the northern regions, yet it is often observed in the southern latitudes. On February 17, 1773, in south latitude 50°, Mr Foster, who accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world, observed a splendid aurora, which displayed various tints, particularly those of a fiery and purple hue. Captain Bellinghausen, also, who more recently performed a voyage towards the south pole, states, that, during the voyage, when navigating off the Sandwich Islands, the only amusement they had was in the contemplation of the southern auroras, which they always witnessed with pleasure and admiration.

Here, however, apprehensive that we have already exceeded our limits, we must pause, proposing in our next to entertain, and, we hope, instruct our readers, by a further account of other interesting luminous meteors.

LOGAN, THE INDIAN CHIEF.

In an interesting work, entitled "Indian Biography, or an Historical Account of those Individuals who have been distinguished among the North American Natives as Orators, Warriors, or Statesmen," published at New York in the year 1832, we find the following notice of LOGAN, a personage whose history is little known in this country, though many perhaps have heard of the touching nature of his oratory.

"Few Indian names have been oftener repeated than that of Logan, and yet of scarcely any individual of his race is the history which has reached us less complete. He was a chief of the Six-Nations—a Cayuga—but resided, during most of his life, in a western settlement, either at Sandusky or upon a branch of the Scioto, there being at the former location, a few years before the revolution, about three hundred warriors, and about sixty at the latter.

Logan was the second son of Shikellimus, a respectable chief of the Six-Nations, who resided at Shamokin (Pennsylvania), as an agent, to transact business between them and the government of the state. He was a shrewd and sober man, not addicted to drinking like most of his countrymen, because 'he never wished to become a fool.' Indeed, he built his house on pillars, for security against the drunken Indians, and used to enclose himself within it on all occasions of riot and outrage. He died in 1749, attended in his last moments by a good Moravian bishop.

Logan inherited the talents of his father, but not his prosperity. Nor was this altogether his own fault. He took no part except that of peace-making in the French and English war of 1760, and was ever before and afterwards looked upon as emphatically the friend of the white man. But never was kindness rewarded like his.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder occurred in some of the white settlements on the Ohio, which were charged to the Indians, though perhaps not justly, for it is well known that a large number of civilized adventurers were traversing the frontiers at this time, who sometimes disguised themselves as Indians, and who thought little more of killing one of that people than of shooting a buffalo. A party of these men, land-jobbers and others, undertook to punish the outrage in this case, according to their custom, as Mr Jefferson expresses it, in a summary way.

Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kenhawa in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and not at all suspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and, at one fire, killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan.

It was not long after this that another massacre took place, under still more aggravated circumstances, not far from the present site of Wheeling, Virginia—a considerable party of the Indians being decoyed by the whites, and all murdered, with the exception of a little girl. Among these, too, was both a brother of Logan, and a sister, and the delicate situation of the latter increased a thousand-fold both the barbarity of the crime, and the rage of the survivors of the family.

The vengeance of the chieftain was indeed provoked beyond endurance, and he accordingly distinguished himself by his daring and bloody exploits in the war which now ensued, between the Virginians on the one side, and a combination mainly of Shawnees, Mingoes, and Delawares, on the other. The

* For further arguments in its favour we may refer our readers to "Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts," vol. xix. p. 232.

former of these tribes were particularly exasperated by the unprovoked murder of one of their favourite chiefs, *SILVER-HEELS*, who had in the kindest manner undertaken to escort several white traders across the woods from the Ohio to Albany, a distance of nearly two hundred miles.

The civilized party prevailed, as usual. A decisive battle was fought upon the 10th of October, of the year last named, on Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in West Virginia, between the confederates, commanded by Logan, and one thousand Virginian riflemen, constituting the left wing of an army led by Governor Dunmore against the Indians of the north-west. This engagement has by some analists—who, however, have rarely given the particulars of it—been called the most obstinate ever contested with the natives.

The Virginians lost in this action two of their colonels, four captains, many subordinate officers, and about fifty privates killed, besides a much larger number wounded. The governor himself was not engaged in the battle, being at the head of the right wing of the same army, a force of fifteen hundred men, who were at this time on their expedition against the towns of some of the hostile tribes in the north-west.

It was at the treaty ensuing upon this battle that the following speech was delivered, sufficient to render the name of Logan famous for many a century. It came by the hand of a messenger, sent (as Mr Jefferson states) that the sincerity of the negotiation might not be distrusted on account of the absence of so distinguished a warrior as himself.

'I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one.'

Of this powerful address, Mr Jefferson says, 'I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan,' and an American statesman and scholar, scarcely less illustrious than the author of this noble eulogium, has expressed his readiness to subscribe to it. It is of course unnecessary for any humbler authority to enlarge upon its merits: indeed, they require no exposition—they strike home to the soul.

The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its gloomy colours. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add, that, towards the close of his life, misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory.'

POISONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

At the College of Physicians, London, Sir Henry Halford lately read a curious paper, in which he investigated the causes of the death of certain celebrated characters of antiquity, with especial reference to the knowledge of poisons possessed by the ancients. Sylla, he observed, died in consequence of the rupture of an internal abscess, through an excess of rage, which, according to Valerius Maximus, produced a violent vomiting of blood, and death. Crassus, the eminent lawyer, and friend of Cicero, died of pleurisy; and Sir Henry remarked, that the course of treatment for this disorder prescribed by Celsus, and in use at the time, namely, bleeding, cupping, and blistering, was so similar to that pursued at the present day, that nothing was probably left undone that could have saved his valuable life. Pomponius Atticus, whom Cicero loved as a brother, and who was on friendly terms with all parties in the disturbed times in which he lived, was said to have died of a fistula in the loins; it was probably, Sir Henry thinks, a dysentery, ending, as that disorder commonly does, in an affection of the lower bowels. He had recourse to starvation, a very common expedient amongst the Romans, and died in ten days, aged seventy-seven. The latter end of Socrates was brought about by the common mode of dispatching persons capitally convicted at Athens, namely, by a narcotic poison; but neither Xenophon nor Plutarch tells us the species of poison. The poisons of this class known to the ancients were aconite, white poppy, hyoscyamus, and hemlock. The black poppy might be the Theban drug. The hyoscyamus was used at Constantinople, and was very likely the nepenthe spoken of by Homer. But most probably the poison administered to Socrates was the same given to other condemned criminals, viz. cicuta, hemlock. Ju-

venal attributes his death to hemlock. Whatever may have been the species of poison, it was one of weak and slow operation; for the executioner told Socrates that if he entered into earnest dispute, it would prevent its effect, and it was sometimes necessary to repeat the dose three or four times. Its operation was gradually to produce insensibility, coldness of the extremities, and death. What was that poison by which Hannibal destroyed himself? It is improbable we shall ever know. Modern chemistry has discovered a variety of subtle poisons that might be introduced into a ring, and, under certain circumstances, destroy life. One drop of prussic acid might produce paralysis, and, if taken into the stomach, would instantly arrest the current of life. But it was not likely that the Carthaginians were acquainted with prussic acid. Lybia most probably produced poisons sufficiently subtle and destructive to accomplish the fatal purpose of Hannibal. As to the report of its being bullock's blood, that Sir Henry Halford observed, must be a fable, as well as in the case of the death of Themistocles, for it is well ascertained that the blood of that animal was not poison. An accomplished nobleman had told Sir Henry that he had been present at a bull-fight in Spain, when, after the matador had killed the bull, a person ran up, caught the animal's blood in a goblet, and drank it off, as a popular remedy for consumption. With respect to the poison with which Nero destroyed Britannicus, comparing the account given by Tacitus with the effects of laurel-water, Sir Henry was disposed to think that this was the identical drug.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HEYNE.

THE ardour with which knowledge has frequently been pursued amidst all sorts of difficulties and discouragements, is the best evidence we can offer of the strength of the passion which has sprung up and lived in circumstances so unfavourable to its growth, and therefore of the exquisite pleasure which its gratification is found to bring with it. If the permanence of any pleasure, indeed, is to be looked upon as one of the proofs of its value, there are certainly none but those of virtue and religion that can be compared with the pleasures of intellectual exertion.

The enjoyments of sense, to say nothing of their comparatively short endurance, their certainty to pall upon repetition, and the positively injurious and destroying tendency of many of them, are, from the nature of things, necessarily limited in point of number; for the senses themselves are but few, and no one of them has many varieties of enjoyment to communicate. What are even the highest pleasures brought us by the eye, or the ear, apart from that character which they derive from the moral or intellectual associations they awaken?—momentary excitements for the child, but hardly the gratifications even of a moment to the man—as is abundantly evidenced by the case of many a one in whom the mere corporeal organ is as perfect as usual, but who, nevertheless, hardly receives from it any pleasure worth naming, owing to the uncultivated state of those mental faculties, which are truly the great creators and bestowers of human happiness. But when did we hear of any one who, having fairly commenced the pursuit of literature or science, ever became tired of it, or would not have gladly devoted his whole life to it, if he could? There may be other passions to which men will deliver themselves up, in the first instance, with greater precipitation and impetuosity; there is none, assuredly, which will engage them so long, or eventually absorb their whole thoughts so thoroughly, as the passion for knowledge. We have numberless instances of persons, in every rank of life, who, for the sake of gratifying it, have contended with and overcome such difficulties and impediments of all sorts, as certainly would have worn out the strength of almost any other impulse with which we are acquainted. But this is an impulse which, we may venture to affirm, when once truly awakened, no discouragements that the most unfavourable circumstances have interposed have ever been able effectively to subdue.

The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age, and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amidst the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the "Memoirs of his own Life," Heyne says—"Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!" His parents sent him to a child's school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of

knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. Having learned every thing comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of fourpence a-week; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him, at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands, and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all he himself knew. At this time his father was anxious that he should adopt some trade, but Heyne felt an invincible desire to pursue his literary education; and it was fortunate for the world that he was at this period of his life furnished with the means of following the course of his inclination. He had another godfather, who was a clergyman in the neighbourhood; and this person, upon receiving the most flattering accounts of Heyne from his last master, agreed to be at the expense of sending him to the principal seminary of his native town of Chemnitz. His new patron, however, although a well-endowed churchman, doled out his bounty with most scrupulous parsimony; and Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them over for his own use. At last he obtained the situation of tutor to the son of one of the citizens; and this for a short time rendered his condition more comfortable. But the period was come, when, if he was to proceed in the career he had chosen, it was necessary for him to enter the university; and he resolved to go to Leipsic. He arrived in that city, accordingly, with only two florins (about four shillings) in his pocket, and nothing more to depend upon except the small assistance he might receive from his godfather, who had promised to continue his bounty. He had to wait so long, however, for his expected supplies from this source, which came accompanied with much grudging and reproach when they did make their appearance, that, destitute both of money and books, he would even have been without bread too, had it not been for the compassion of the maid-servants of the house where he lodged. What sustained his courage in these circumstances (we here use his own words) was neither ambition nor presumption, nor even the hope of one day taking his place among the learned. The stimulus that incessantly spurred him on was the feeling of the humiliation of his condition—the shame with which he shrank from the thought of that degradation which the want of a good education would impose upon him—above all, the determined resolution of battling courageously with fortune. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although he had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardour for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week; and yet all the while his godfather scarcely ever wrote to him but to inveigh against his indolence—often actually addressing his letters on the outside, "To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic."

In the meantime, while his distress was every day becoming more intolerable, he was offered, by one of the professors, the situation of tutor in a family at Magdeburg. Desirable as the appointment would have been in every other respect, it would have removed him from the scene of his studies—and he declined it. He resolved rather to remain in the midst of all his miseries at Leipsic. He was, however, in a few weeks after, recompensed for this noble sacrifice, by procuring, through the recommendation of the same professor, a situation similar to the one he had refused in the university town. This of course relieved for a time his pecuniary wants; but still the ardour with which he pursued his studies continued so great, that it at last brought on a dangerous illness, which obliged him to resign his situation, and very soon completely exhausted his trifling resources, so that on his recovery he found himself as poor and destitute as ever. In this extremity, a copy of Latin verses which he had written having attracted the attention of one of the Saxon ministers, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, to set out for the court at Dresden, where it was expected this high patronage would make his fortune; but he was doomed only to new disappointments. After having borrowed money to pay the expenses of his journey, all he obtained from the courtier was a few vague promises, which ended in nothing. He was obliged eventually, after having sold his books, to accept the place of copyist in the library of the Count de Bruhl, at the miserable annual salary of one hundred crowns (about £17 sterling)—a sum which, even in that cheap country, was scarcely sufficient to keep him from perishing of hunger. However, with his industrious habits, he found time, besides performing the duties of his situation, to do a

little work for the booksellers. He first translated a French romance, for which he was paid twenty crowns. For a learned and excellent edition which he prepared of the Latin poet Tibullus, he received, in successive payments, one hundred crowns, with which he discharged the debts he had contracted at Leipzig. In this way he contrived to exist for a few years, all the while studying hard, and thinking himself amply compensated for the hardships of his lot, by the opportunities he had of pursuing his favourite researches, in a city so rich in collections of books and antiquities as Dresden. After he had held his situation in the library for above two years, his salary was doubled; but before he derived any benefit from the augmentation, the seven years' war had commenced. Saxony was overrun by the forces of Frederick the Great, and Heyne's place, and the library itself to which it was attached, were swept away at the same time. He was obliged to fly from Dresden, and wandered about for a long time without any employment. At last he was received into a family at Wittenberg; but in a short time the progress of the war drove him from this asylum also, and he returned to Dresden, where he still had a few articles of furniture, which he had purchased with the little money he saved while he held his place in the library. He arrived just in time to witness the bombardment of that capital, in the conflagration of which his furniture perished, as well as some property which he had brought with him from Wittenberg, belonging to a lady, one of the family in whose house he lived, for whom he had formed an attachment during his residence there. Thus left, both of them, without a shilling, the young persons nevertheless determined to share each other's destiny, and they were accordingly united. By the exertions of some common friends, a retreat was procured for Heyne and his wife in the establishment of a M. de Leoben, where he spent some years, during which his time was chiefly occupied in the management of that gentleman's property.

At last, at the general peace in 1763, he returned to Dresden; and here ended his hard fortunes. Some time before his arrival in that city, the professorship of eloquence in the University of Göttingen had become vacant by the death of the celebrated John Matthias Gesner. The chair had been offered, in the first instance, to David Ruhnken, one of the first scholars of the age, who declined, however, to leave the University of Leyden, where he had lately succeeded the eminent Hemsterhuys as Professor of Greek. Fortunately, however, for Heyne, Ruhnken was one of the few to whom his edition of Tibullus, and another of Epictetus, which he had published shortly after, had made his obscure name and great merits known; and with a generous anxiety to befriend one whom he considered to be so deserving, he ventured, of his own accord, to recommend him to the Hanoverian minister as the fittest person he could mention for the vacant office. Such a testimony from Ruhnken was at once the most honourable and the most efficient patronage Heyne could have had. He was immediately nominated to the professorship, although so little known that it was with considerable difficulty he was found. He held this appointment for nearly fifty years; in the course of which, as we have already remarked, he may be said, by his successive publications, and the attraction of his lectures, to have placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of his age; while he was at the same time loved and venerated as a father, not only by his numerous pupils, but by all ranks of his fellow-citizens, who, on his death, in 1812, felt that their university and city had lost what had been for half a century its chief distinction.*

MARRIAGE OF JAMES THE SIXTH.

It is generally known that King James the Sixth of Scotland (and First of England) was a monarch of a droll and familiar character. He exemplified this in a particular manner in the transactions connected with his marriage, which took place in the year 1589, when he was twenty-three years of age, and about thirteen years before he ascended to the English throne. The lady of his choice was the Princess Anne of Denmark, and the marriage took place by proxy or deputy in the month of August, at the Danish court. She was delayed, however, by storms, and the king being informed that she would not be able to reach Scotland till spring, resolved to go to Norway, where her vessel had taken shelter, in order to meet her. Previous to doing so, he published, for the satisfaction of his subjects, an account of all the reasons moving him to take so extraordinary a step—which were as follows:

"First of all," says he, "I doubt nocht it is manisfeste knowne to all how far I was generally found fault with by all men for the delaying sa lang of my mariage. I was allane, without fader or moder, bruthir or sistar, king of this realme, and air appearand of England; this my naikates maid me to be wak, and my enemys stark; as man wes as na man, and the want of hool of succession bread disdayse; yes, my lang delay bred in the breitis of mony a grite jealousie of my inhabilitie, as gif I wer a barrane stok: Thair resounis, and innumerable otheris hourly objected, moved me to haisten the treaty of my mariage; for as to my awne nature, God is my witness, I could have abstain langair nor the weill of my patrie could have permitted. I am knawne, God be praised, not

to be very intemperately rash nor concety in my wechiest effairis; nather use I to be sa carayed away by passion as I refuse to heir reason." He then tells us, that, having understood the queen could not come to him, he resolved to go to her. "The place that I resolvit this in was Craignallair, not ane of the haill counsels being present there; and as I take this resolution onlie of myself, us I am a trew prince, as advised with myself onlie quhat way to follow furth the same." Then he tells us that he assembled the council at Edinburgh, for the purpose of having ships prepared; but finding them difficult as to the fitting out a sufficient number to be an honourable convoy for the King of Scotland, he "was compelled to avow with grete vehemensie, that, gif they could be gotten na othir to gang, I suld ga myself aliane, gif it were but in ane ship: But gif all men (said I) had bene as weill willit as became shame, I neidit nocht be in that strait." This reproach was designed for the Chancellor Maitland; and it stung him so, that he offered to accompany the king. James, however, consulted him no further till his departure; "twas resoun moving me thereto; first, because I knew that gif I had maid him on the counsailair thairof, he had been blamet of putting it in my heid, quhilk had not bene his dewite, for it becamis na subjectis to gif princes advice in sic materis; and therfor, remembering quhat ivious and injest burding he dale beires, for leiding me by the nose, as it wer, to all his appetitis, as gif I wer an unresonnable creature, or a bairne that could no nothing of myself, I thocht pitie then to be the occasioun of the heaping of further injest sklander upon his head. This far I speik for his parte, alsweill for my awin honouurisaiak, that I be not skanderis as ane irresolute use, quha can do nothing of himself, as also that the honestie and innocence of that man be not injustlie and untrewlie reproched."

Having appointed his kinsman, the Duke of Lennox (son to his former favourite), regent in his absence, with Francis Earl of Bothwell for a coadjutor, and having put the above most amusing declaration into the hands of his clerk-register, James, on the 19th of October, secretly embarked on board a small ship at Leith, with his chancellor, and immediately set sail for Norway, accompanied by other four vessels. This little fleet at first encountered rough weather, which detained it in the Firth of Forth for the better part of a week; but at length a fair wind sprung up, which carried him over to Slaikey in Norway, in the short space of four days. From Slaikey he immediately advanced, partly by land and partly by sea, to Upslo, where the queen was still remaining. Arriving on the 19th of November, he was immediately introduced—"boots and all," says David Moyes—to the queen's lodging; his eagerness to see the young person with whom he was destined to spend his life being too great to admit of the proper ceremonials. His conduct at the first interview was spirited enough, to be of a piece with the whole enterprise. He attempted to salute his consort, after the fashion of his country, with a kiss. She, ignorant of the good Scottish custom, refused to admit of his embrace. But says Moyes, with delightful quaintness, "after a few words privately spoken betwix them, there followed a farther familiarity, and some kisses."

They were married on the 23d, Mr David Lyndsay, the king's own minister, performing the nuptial ceremony in the French language. James next morning presented his bride with the lordship and palace of Dunfermline, by way of a morrowin gift, as it was called, a present usually made in that age by a bridegroom to his bride, on the morning after their nuptials: Dunfermline, therefore, became what in modern language would be called the queen's jointure-house. Immediately after the marriage, ambassadors came from the court of Denmark, soliciting James to delay his return to Scotland till the beginning of the next year, and spend the intermediate time in Copenhagen. In consideration of the weather, and partly perhaps for reasons of state, he consented to this proposal; and, on the 22d of December, he and Queen Anne set out from Upslo on their journey to Denmark. They arrived, on the 21st of January, at Chronenburg Castle, on the celebrated Straits of Elsinore, where they were received with great distinction and rejoicing by the young king, his mother, and the four regents of the kingdom. It was proposed and agreed to, that they should remain till the solemnization of the marriage of Anne's eldest sister to the Duke of Brunswick.

The Danes at this time were perhaps the most convivial people on the face of the earth. Spottiswood, in recording that no quarrels occurred among the king's attendants all the time they were in Denmark, says, with great simplicity, that this was the more wonderful, since "it is hard for men in drink, at which they were continually kept, long to agree." James himself dates a letter from "Chronenburg, quhaire we are drinking and dryving over in the auld maner;" a most amusing trait of self-portraiture. I need scarcely remind the reader, moreover, of the authenticated tradition regarding the whistle of the family of the Lauries of Maxwellton, which was won by an ancestor from a bacchanalian champion among the Danes, who had challenged the Scottish toppers, on this occasion, to a trial of strength, and was fairly drunk under the table, after an almost unexampled debauch.*

James continued in Denmark during the entire months of February and March 1589-90, in the enjoyment not only of the pleasures of the social board, but also of a series of pageants and shows, which were got up by the court for his entertainment. He in the mean time sent home intelligence to Scotland that he had the greatest reason to thank the Almighty for having "clothed him with a wife" of the most excellent "giftis and comedies." From time to time he received intelligence, in return, from Scotland, that the country had never been in a quieter state; only two disturbances having happened during the whole winter—one occasioned by the clan Gregor in Balquhidder, the other by "that wicked and insolent man," as Spottiswood terms him, Archibald Wauchope of Niddrie, who had killed a dependant of the Abbot of Holyrood—whereas, in general, there was seldom a week without some dreadful tale of murder or riot.

James, who, previous to his marriage, had seen no place besides the southern district of Scotland, appears to have been very much impressed by the sight of the continental states in which he was now sojourning, and to have drawn no favourable contrast between their magnificence—humble as it was, compared with that of the southern states of Europe—and the wretched poverty of his own country. He also seems to have been surprised not a little at the strength of the executive in Denmark, as compared with its weakness in Scotland. He naturally became anxious, that, before his return, when, besides the queen, many dignified persons of her brother's court were to attend him, the objects which were to be presented to their eyes should be of as respectable a kind as the circumstances of the country would permit—that his palace should be put into good order, that the persons who were to receive him on the shore should be of good character, and that there should be none of those shameful breaches of the peace which had all along disgraced his reign, and that which nothing was better calculated to give the strangers a mean idea of his government. Inspired by these notions, we find him writing a letter to his council in February, imploring them, with ludicrous earnestness, to prepare the country in a befitting manner for his arrival. The letter is a great curiosity, and as it is sure at once to amuse the reader, and to increase his acquaintance with the king's character and style of writing, it is here inserted.

"My lords of counsail, that this general letter of mine may serve, asweill to you all, as to every one of yow in particular, ly the blame, I praye yow, upon the bas and fascheousnes of the dispatche, and not upon my swernes, althothe I cannot denye, that to write with my own hand I am both slawe and swiere aneu: I doubt not that you wille tak thin in all good part, as if I wrote a trough of paper to every one of yow.

"Ye may now know, by the season of the yeir, that my coming home, God willing, drawes neir. I am surely treated here with all the honor and hardiness that this contrie people can imagine, I think we should not be unthankfull when theires comes in our bounds. A king of Scotland with a new marid-wife, will not come hame ever day. For God's sake, respect not only my honor in this, but the honor of our whole nation, and speciallie of yourselfis; for my part will be leist in it. It is knowne that I am absent, and all the wold knowld that when the gudeman is away, he cannot be wyted of the misorders in the house; but what may he think then of his servants and factors he has left therein?

"Now, my lords, since this is the only grete proof of your diligence, without my presence or assistance, that ever I am able for to have of you, let me knawne now what remembrance ye have of me during my absence, by diligent remembraunce and performing such directions as the beirar hereof, the Master of Wark, hes in charge of me to deliver unto you. Remember specially upon the ending out of the ablay, as yet lying in the deid-thraw, without the whiche we cannot be lodgit at our landing; and in good faith it is not the maner of this contrie to ly therout, for the greatness of the frost; and for a token that ye have not forgotten us, ye may send two or three shippes here to shew us the way home; but let nae great men or gentilmen come in them, but many gude marinells; for I am already overchargeable to these folks here; besides that every one of you will have eneuch to do in the turnes I have employed you to do at home. For Godsake, in any thing, respect my honor, that all discords and vanitez and quarrells may be supercedit at this; for gif I took sic strait order for that the last yeir, when I lookit for my weifs coming hame and a certayne compayne of strangers with her, how muckle mare sould it be this yeir when we are baith to cum hame and twice as gret a numbre of strangers, and speciallie sen I have seen so gude ane example in this contrie.

"Indeed, I have gude cause to thank yow all for the great quietnes that ye have already kept, as I perceive by your last letters. Remember likewise that nae great man or counsellor presume to be at our landing, but such as the beirar hereof will in a roll deliver unto you, ut omnia fiant decenter et cum ordine.

"Fail not to provide gude cheare for us; for we have air abundance of gude meat and part of drinch; to the particulars of this I remit to my directions, as of all other things likewise.

To conclude, I both pray you, and command you sleuth na tyme, and for my part sake do at this tyme

* Abridged from "Library of Entertaining Knowledge."

• See Burns's Poems.

even mair nor is possible; for ye know I will never sit nor drink a fair wind.

From the Castle Cromeburg, the 19 day of February 1589.
JAMES, REX."

The same solicitude is apparent in a letter of the same date, which the king wrote to the reverend Robert Bruce, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He had left Bruce a member of the privy council, and with a kind of implied commission of supervision over the morals of the kingdom. He now writes to him in a familiar strain, beseeching him to exert himself to keep the people in order before his return. "Waken up all men," he says, "to attend my coming; for I will come, as our maister sayeth, like a thief in the night, and whose lampe I find burning with oyle, these will I coin thanks to, but those that lack their burning lamps, provyded with oyle, will be barred at the door; for I will not accept their crying, Lord, Lord! at my coming, that have forgot me all the time of my absence. . . . For God's sake, take all the pains you can, to teach our people weill against our coming, lest we be all ashamed before strangers." Could any thing be more characteristic of this singular monarch, so well aware as he always was of what ought to be done, and so willing that it should be done, yet so incapable of using the proper coercive measures for doing it? "I think this time," he adds, "should be a holy jubilee in Scotland, and our ships should have the virtue of the ark in agreeing, for a time at least, naturales inimicities inter foras; for, if it otherwise fall out (quod Deus avertat), I shall behove to come hame like a drunk man amongst them, which would be no strange thing, coming out of so drucken a country as this!" Then the necessities of the poor king are displayed. "I pray you," he says, "heartile recommend me to the good provost of the town, and in any thing he can pray him to assist my affairs, as I have ever been certain of his good will in my services. Specially desire him to further all he can the outrecking of three or four ships to meet me here, and convoy me hame." [He had been enabled to sail for Denmark, solely by the generosity of a few private individuals, who each fitted out a little vessel.] "And likewise, I doubt not he will assist the Maister of Wark in getting as many good craftsmen as may be had for enditing out the half-perfected abbey [his palace], that now lies in the deid-thraw. . . . Thus recommending me and my new rib to your daylie prayers, I commit you to the only all-sufficient.

Perhaps the reader will be inclined not only to smile at these indications of the poverty and imbecility of the Scottish monarch, but also to blame him in serious earnest for what is so inconsistent with the dignity of a sovereign. He should, however, pause to consider the dilapidated state in which James found his government and revenues when he came of age; he should consider the power of the nobles, many of whom could raise at any time far more men than their king; and he should reflect on the barbarous condition of the people, just emerged from the horrors of a protracted civil war, and from the vices incident to an age of religious reformation. As for the pecuniary distresses of the sovereign, which here appear so extreme, he actually seems to have had no resource whatever, on any occasion of unusual expense like the present, except the benevolence of a few of the burghs, chiefly those of Fife, which was then the most commercial and the richest province of Scotland. The proper revenues of the crown had long before this time been alienated and embarrassed almost to extinction.

James's poverty, however, was perhaps never less distressing to him than on the present occasion. The pride of country, for which the Scotch have always been remarkable, induced them to do all in their power to fulfil his wishes in regard to the appearance of the kingdom before the expected strangers, and also in respect of the vessels which he desired to have sent out for his convoy home. By an extraordinary exertion, though at the expense of a great multitude of individuals, the palace was finished and furnished in very splendid style, another house in the city was prepared for the queen's Danish friends, a few small Fife coasters were sent out to Denmark, and a great variety of articles were prepared for the pageanties which were to be enacted on his arrival. Besides these more important arrangements, there were some of a humbler nature, which equally marked the desire of the people to put the country into a holiday attitude. The town council of Edinburgh, resolving that the strangers should see as little as possible of the filth and the iniquity for which the country was remarkable, ordained that "all persons purge and cleane the streets, calsayis, and gutteris forment their awin housis to the mid channel, as weil in the hie gutt [principal street] as in the vennelis [lanes]," and that "all beggaris remove, swa they be nocht fund beggand within this brugh, or betweix this and Leith, or any uther part within the liberty or jurisdiction of this burgh." They also ordained the baillies "to pas throw their quarteris, and borrow fra the honest nyctbouris thairfor ane quantitie of the best sort of thair neiprie [table linen], to serve the straungeris that sal arryve with the queen, and the said baillies to gif the nyctbouris thair awin ticket of ressalt thairfor."

On the 1st of May, after these and sundry other preparations had been made, the king and queen arrived at Leith, accompanied by the admiral of Denmark, and other persons of dignity, and having a convoy of thirteen large Danish ships of war. The citizens of Edinburgh and Leith immediately flocked

to the shore, each in his best clothes and arms. About seven at night, the king led the queen ashore, "by a trance covered with tapestry and cloth of gold, that her foot might not touch the earth. The Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Mar and Bothwell, with sundrie others, received them at the stay-heads. The castle and ships shot great volleys." Mr James Elphinstone, a senator of the college of justice (afterwards Lord Balmerino), welcomed the royal pair in a Latin oration. "The queen being placed in her lodgings, the king took the chief of the Danes by the hand, every one after another." [Between thirty and forty of these persons were dignified men, with "goldin cheneys of guid faschioun;" and the whole number was two hundred and twenty-four.] The king now received a visit from the minister Bruce, whose services in keeping the country quiet during his absence he acknowledged in very warm terms, afterwards accompanying him to the church of Leith, to return thanks to the Almighty for his prosperous voyage.

As the preparations at Holyroodhouse were scarcely yet completed, James remained for a few days in a palace, called "the Kingis Wark," at Leith, his train chiefly lodging in the ships. At length, on the 6th of May, the royal party made their progress towards Edinburgh. "The king and nobility rode before; the queen came behind, in her Danish chariot, with her maid of honour, on each side of her majesty one. The coach was drawn by eight horses, caparisoned in purple velvet, embroidered with gold and silver, very rich. The town of Edinburgh, Canongate, and Leith, in their arms, gave a volley of shot to the king and queen in their passage, in joye of their safe arryal." "In this manner, they passed to the Abbey of Holyroodhouse," where "the king, taking the queen by the hand, led her through the inner close to the great hall, and thereafter to the chambers, which were richly hung with cloth of gold and silver."

The queen was crowned in the abbey church, on Tuesday, the 17th of May, Mr Robert Bruce performing the chief offices, which formerly used to be done by a bishop. The Presbyterian ministers on this occasion scrupled greatly about the propriety of anointing the queen, judging that ceremony to be of a somewhat Popish savour; but James knew how to bring them to reason: he hinted that he could wait a little, till a certain bishop, whom he mentioned, could make it convenient to come to Edinburgh, to perform the ceremony. Alarmed at what he said, they lost no time in agreeing that there was no harm in the oil, and the ceremony was accordingly performed in the usual way. When it was concluded, Andrew Melville uttered a long congratulatory poem, in Latin hexameters, to the great delight of the king and his friends, who joined in soliciting that it should be printed. This poem was so elegant in its construction, and so apt to the occasion, as to attract the praise of the best foreign scholars, and to extend the fame of this great event in the life of James farther than it perhaps could have otherwise travelled.*

HINTS FOR WORKMEN.

The faults of well-paid workmen are not deficient industry, but excessive, or at least irregular, exertion. When liberally paid by the piece, they are tempted to overwork themselves, and to ruin their health and constitution in a few years. This is the case of porters, coalheavers, and many common labourers in London. A carpenter is not supposed to last in his utmost vigour above eight years. The double wages paid to country labourers during harvest, or to tailors during a general mourning, are frequent sources of permanent injury, from the inducement they offer to over-exertion. Almost every class of artificers are subject to some peculiar diseases, occasioned by excessive application to their peculiar species of work. Ruzzini, an Italian physician, and Thackrah, an English surgeon, have written treatises concerning such diseases. Excessive application during one part of the week is frequently the cause of the idleness complained of during the remainder. "Great labour," Dr Smith remarks, "either of mind or body, continued for several days together, is in most men naturally followed by a great desire for relaxation, which, if not restrained by force or some strong necessity, is almost irresistible. It is the call of nature, which requires to be relieved by some indulgence," or change of occupation. Relaxation does not always imply idleness, but, as Locke expresses it, "easing the wearied part," by exchange of employment. If not complied with, the consequences are often dangerous, and sometimes fatal; and such as almost always bring on, sooner or later, the infirmity of the trade. It masters would be more humane, and journeymen more reasonable, both would see the utility of temperate exertions of industry. The man who works so moderately as to be able to work constantly, not only preserves his health the longest, but, in the course of the year, executes the greatest quantity of work. Labour, without reasonable intervals of rest for meals and relaxation, exhausts the energies of both body and mind, and is of the two more hurtful than low wages, which abridge diet and physical comforts.

Mr Thackrah, to whom I have just alluded, from his residence in Leeds—which is literally one great manufactory, subdivided into various departments of industry, places of refreshment, abodes varying in

* Condensed from Mr R. Chambers's Life of King James, in Constable's Miscellany, 1830.

their comforts, according as the occupiers are masters, overseers, or workmen—has had favourable opportunities for observing not only the effect of different occupations on the human constitution, but also of different degrees of exertion. Some of this gentleman's conclusions in his work on *The Effects of Arts, Trades, and Professions*, are contrary to what might have been anticipated. For instance, wet, vapour, and changes in the humidity of the local atmosphere, appear not so detrimental to health as is generally supposed; in temperate persons these agents produce little injury. Sudden transitions from heat to cold, as experienced by smiths, iron-founders, and glassmen, are not productive of acute disorders. The exhalations from vegetable matter are not found uniformly injurious; but on this point the writer declines giving a decided opinion. The natural odours of manufactured vegetables, with the exception of coffee, are little noxious. Tobacco-workers do not sensibly suffer from the fumes of their material; and the crushers of rape and mustard benefit by the odours which these seeds emit. Members of Parliament and persons of fashion will be gratified to learn that the influence of change in the hours of sleep is less than might be expected: millers, watchmen, and coachmen, are not sensibly affected by night-work. Horses, however, suffer from nocturnal labour, and men, too, I apprehend, unless the change, by perseverance, has been made habitual.

Some agents or circumstances connected with employments are favourable to health. Such are the animal exhalations to which slaughtermen, butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, gluemakers, buckram-stiffeners, tanners, tallowchandlers, curriers, and grocers, are exposed. Oil or grease applied to the skin is a preservative, as experienced in spinning, carding, and piecing, in the woollen manufacture.

The chief agents included under the denomination of deleterious, or unfavourable to health and longevity, are, excess or deficiency of food, bent-sitting posture, long standing, great muscular efforts in lifting weights, steam, artificial heat, impure air, dust and gaseous impurity of the atmosphere, anxiety and mental application, long sitting, and delay of micturition, compression of the chest, bending of the head for long periods, close application to minute objects, as in watchmakers, engravers, tambourworkers, and dressmakers; poisonous substances acting through the skin, as lead, printers' type, and mercury; or on the eyes or ears, as scarlet-colour, lime-dust, and the noise of machinery.

Before the whole of Mr Thackrah's conclusions can be safely adopted as rules of life, it may perhaps be desirable he should test some of them by a more lengthened experience and wider field of observation. With the exception of this gentleman and Mr Kay of Manchester, hardly any medical person has applied himself to the investigation of a subject so important to humanity. One satisfactory result may, I think, be safely deduced from the inquiries of Mr Thackrah; namely, that there is hardly any employment which is not compatible with the enjoyment of tolerable health, when exercised subject to the three following conditions:—1. Moderate hours of labour, according to the greater or less exhausting nature of the employment; 2. Temperate, wholesome, and regular living; 3. Reasonable meal-times, and holidays occasionally, for purer air and exercise.

Next to keeping up the price of labour and the preservation of health, a cardinal point with the working classes is to establish and maintain a high standard of comfort and enjoyment in their habitations, clothing, and food; to eschew whatever brings them to the verge of existence, to their last resources in diet, dress, and lodging; and as casualties of health and fluctuations in employment are inseparable from every occupation, a provision should always be made, if possible, for periods of slackness, sickness, old age, and infirmity.

It is a disadvantage to the industrious orders that they cannot more easily adjust the supply of labour to the demand. When wages are depressed by competition for work, they are compelled to submit to coarser and scantier fare; and the danger is, that a mode of life at first repugnant to their feelings, and forced on them by necessity, may become habitual. Should this be the case, it is not likely they will make an effort to check the over-supply of labour which has caused their degradation; and as a lower rate of wages is found sufficient for their maintenance, an evil that might have been temporary is made permanent. This appears to be the condition of the Irish; their wages are under sixpence a-day, which their masters doubtless think enough for men content to live in mud-cabins and feed on potatoes.*

Labour, like gold and silver, can be made valuable by its scarcity only, and no other contrivance. All the acts of legislation, all the combinations and devices among workmen themselves, must fail in raising to a high price that which is redundant, which every where abounds, and which may be indefinitely, and by any one produced: we might as well seek to give a value to water or the atmosphere that surrounds us. A scarcity of the employed, and abundance of employers—

* Not only wages, but gifts, are often proportioned to a man's style of living. When James the First heard that Ben Jonson was living in great poverty in an obscure place in London, he sent him £10 to relieve his necessities. Some of the courtiers remarking on the smallness of the dole, the king said it was enough for "a man who lived in an alley."

a population that follows, and not precedes, the augmentation of national wealth, is the great secret of popular amelioration. Without this, the advantages of increasing opulence, civilization, and commerce, can never be participated in by the working classes : social improvements, in every shape, may advance over the land, but it will never touch the low and stagnant pool in which they are immersed.

As the high price of labour produced by scarcity of workmen, is the fortress that protects all their comforts and conveniences, they ought never to yield an inch of the "vantage ground," without dire necessity. The remarks of Mr M'Culloch on this point are dictated by sense and humanity, and well worthy of attention. "The example," says he, "of such individuals, or bodies of individuals, as submit quietly to have their wages reduced, and who are content if they get only the mere necessities of life, ought never to be held up for public imitation. On the contrary, every thing should be done to make such apathy esteemed disgraceful. The best interests of society require that the rate of wages should be elevated as high as possible—that a taste for the comforts, luxuries, and enjoyments of human life, should be widely diffused, and, if possible, interwoven with national habits and prejudices. Very low wages, by rendering it impossible for any increased exertions to obtain any considerable increase of comforts and enjoyments, effectually hinders them from being made, and is, of all others, the most powerful cause of that idleness and apathy, that contents itself with what can barely continue animal existence."—*Principles of Political Economy*, second edition, p. 394.

The father of economical science had inculcated the same philanthropic doctrine. "Is this improvement?" asks Smith, "in the circumstances of the lower ranks of the people to be regarded as an advantage, or as an inconvenience to society? The answer seems at first abundantly plain. Servants, labourers, and workmen of different kinds, make up the far greater part of every great political society. But what improves the circumstances of the greater part can never be regarded as any inconvenience to the whole. No society can surely be flourishing and happy of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable. It is but equity, besides, that they who feed, clothe, and lodge the whole body of the people, should have such a share of the produce of their own labour as to be themselves tolerably well fed, clothed, and lodged."

—*Wealth of Nations*, b. i. ch. 8.

Government is interested not less than the people in the diffusion of such sentiments. It can never be the pride of authority to rule over an ignorant, illiterate, and degraded population. The diffusion of political power has assimilated society to the nature of a joint-stock association, in which the rulers and ruled have a common interest. Government cannot be rich, while the body of the community is indigent; it cannot be safe, while that on which it mainly rests cannot be depended on for support. It is not the opulent who demand legislative attention; they are exempt from want, and as they assume to be educated, they ought to be exempt from crime; they form that part of the social waste which has been reclaimed and cultivated: but the poor, if not still in the wilderness, are only on its verge, and require to be brought forward by the application of those practical truths I have endeavoured to explain and enforce."

SKETCHES OF POLYNESIA.

(Conclusion of first Article.)

The following is the mode of *tattooing* the skin, so common amongst most savage nations, and practised to a great extent in the South Sea Islands. The operation is performed by regular professors of the art, and is a very profitable occupation. The dye employed is the kernel of the candle-nut, called by the natives *tairi*, which is burnt to charcoal, and then mixed with oil. The tattooing-stick consists of a piece of sharp-pointed bone, fastened to the end of a small stick. Another stick, somewhat heavier, is used for striking the other in the process of perforation. The figure or pattern to be tattooed is first carefully drawn upon the skin with a piece of charcoal, and the performer, having immersed the point of the sharp bone in the colouring matter, which is a beautiful jet, strikes it smartly with the stick in his right hand, and thus inserts the dye into the flesh. This operation is attended with great suffering, and few of the natives can endure it so long as to have an entire figure completed at one sitting. The consequences of it, indeed, are frequently fatal. The chest is the part of the body most profusely tattooed, and the beauty and minuteness of the representations sometimes made are truly astonishing. "Every variety of figure," says Mr Ellis, "is to be seen here. Cocoa-nut and breadfruit trees, with convolvulus wreaths hanging round them, boys gathering the fruit, men engaged in battle, in manual exercise, triumphing over a falling foe, or, as I have frequently seen it, they are re-

* From an able and unpretending little work, just published—*History of the Middle and Working Classes*. London, Edinburgh, Wilson.

presented as carrying a human sacrifice to the temple. Every kind of animal—goats, dogs, fowls, and fish—may at times be seen on this part of the body; muskets, swords, pistols, clubs, spears, and other weapons of war, are also stamped upon their arms or chest."

Marriages take place at a very early age among the Tahitians—the females being seldom more than twelve or thirteen, and the males a year or two older. When not previously arranged by betrothal, very short courtship generally precedes the union of the sexes, as neither party have any backwardness in displaying their emotions towards each other. The marriage ceremony is an affair of great pomp, mingled, besides, with many observances of affecting solemnity. Amongst these was the practice of the young couple's parents cutting their foreheads with a sharp instrument, and mingling their blood together upon a piece of cloth at the altar, as typical of the extinction of all difference of rank, and of all animosity between the two families, as well as of the binding obligation of the union. Another was the placing of their ancestors' skulls, which are always carefully preserved, beside the young pair, thereby testifying their belief that the spirits of the deceased were witnesses of the agreement. Notwithstanding all this ceremony, however, the marriage tie is more frequently broken than observed—either party quitting their engagement upon any capricious freak or fancy.

There never were a people, we believe, more addicted to cruel, murderous, and exterminating warfare than the natives of the South Seas. They considered it, in short, the prime aim and occupation of life, and all their customs and institutions bore reference to it. Amongst other results, it was the chief cause of the practice of infanticide, which was directed chiefly against female children, as being unfit for war; and to such an extent was it carried on, that, when the missionaries arrived from England in 1797, the proportion of males to females was as five to one. Great preparations, by religious rites and human sacrifices, take place before setting out on the expedition, which almost always is with the determination of utterly annihilating their enemies, and is generally carried into effect either with one party or another. The harangues of the chief warriors on these occasions are described by the Rev. Mr Nott as being the finest displays of graceful and impassioned eloquence which it was possible to imagine. The barbarities formerly practised by the contending parties upon their captives were beyond every thing horrible. Some of them were generally roasted and eaten, and it is now clearly ascertained that cannibalism in general was a common practice among these remote islanders.

SULLIVAN THE WHISPERER.

James Sullivan, who possessed the art of training the most furious horse, by being permitted to be alone with him for a short space of time, is thus recorded in the "Survey of the County of Cork," by Townsend, who justly remarks, that, although the following facts appear almost incredible, yet they are nevertheless true, as he was an eye-witness to them:—"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than by Caesar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and, in the short space of half an hour, became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and, upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse, which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eyewitnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a trooper horse; and it was supposed,

not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found avail. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tête-à-tête* shows that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds."

CRIMSON CLOVER.

The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the *Code of Agriculture*, page 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated only in our gardens, as a curious and rather pretty looking annual.—"It is a subject of astonishment that this valuable plant (*Trefoil incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes or other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucerne, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry." If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed-mERCHANTS in this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that this is an annual plant, and therefore should only be employed in partial husbandry.

DANCING.

Dancing seems to have been reckoned, as well among the Hebrews as the Greeks, one of the first-rate accomplishments, and to have been associated not only with their poetry, but with their religious worship. Almost all the earliest Greek poets, as Thespis, Cratinus, and others, not only excelled in dancing, but taught it to freemen, or gentlemen, for money. Sappho was one of the best dancers of his generation; he had a very handsome person, which he was fain to exhibit in the dance's grace-displaying movements: when his play of *Nausicaa* was acted, he not only danced, but played at the ball. With the Hebrews, dancing must assuredly have been associated with notions of dignity, otherwise it would not have been used in their most solemn worship: and yet the taunting rebuke given to David by his wife, presupposes, in her estimation, something of levity combined with that exercise. With the Romans, after their connexion with Greece, dancing was also deemed a high accomplishment. In the age of Cicero, the first men of Rome made a boast of their skill in dancing: as Claudio, who had triumphed; Cælius, the enemy of Cicero; and Lic. Crassus, son of the celebrated Parthian Crassus.

DAFT SANDY MILLER.

Formerly, in Alton House, there was a strange half-witted servant, of the name of Sandy Miller, whose principal business it was to attend to the coal bunkers or receptacles, of which there was one in every flat of that large mansion, for the supply of the fires. Sandy was sometimes negligent, so that the bunkers ran empty before he observed; and on such occasions he generally received such a dreadful scold, either from his master or from the other servants, that his life for the time was miserable. At length, Sandy was one day suddenly taken ill, and given up for lost, when a clergyman was sent for to administer to him the spiritual offices proper to a death-bed. Poor Sandy listened very attentively to what was said by the minister, and after prayers were over, mentioned, with a self-satisfied sigh, that there was one thing in particular which gave him great consolation in this his dying hour. "What may that be, Sandy?" said the clergyman. "Oh, sir," answered the dying man, "a' the bunkers is filled!"

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